

White Cloud



Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

DOUGLAS CAN'T WIN.

Trans—'Dover Mass.'

Now, stop, stop and listen
To the tale this song relates,
About the greatest demagogue
In these United States.
Way out in Illinois
There lived a little man,
And he was sent to Washington,
By the Democratic clan.
But he will not stay there,
For he is not a slave;
For he will be sent away,
With a sore defeat.
On a next November day.
This man he thought to raise his name,
And carve his way to fame;
So he commenced to scheme and plot,
And play a wicked game.
He took the part of slavery,
And a compact he repeated;
But the people of this country
To a tricker he would yield.
Douglas will run the day,
That game he tried to play;
For he will not win,
With a sure defeat.
On a next November day.
He tried to woo the South,
And North he tried to coax;
But the "principles" he espoused,
Has been declared a hoax.
So "Dover" will not be President,
For now the people see,
That no reliance can be placed
In Squatter Sovereignty.
So, Douglas, speak away;
But nothing you can say,
Will make you win,
Or let you in,
On a next November day.
He'll better have to stay at home,
And stick close to his mother;
For he'll be sent to the land of the living,
He'll never find another.
No woman then will own a child
With such a criminal name;
Take warning, boys, and never make
Your mothers feel such shame.
Come, Freedom, now unite,
And strive with all your might,
This "Dover" to beat,
With a sure defeat.
And save the cause of right.

Miscellaneous.

Thrilling Episode in the Life of "Abe Lincoln."

As a Western man, I wish space to give vent to my enthusiasm over the nomination of Hon. Abraham Lincoln for President of the United States. Mr. Lincoln, or "Old Abe," as his friends familiarly call him, is a self-made man. A Kentuckian by birth, he emigrated to Illinois in his boyhood, where he earned his living at the anvil, devoting his leisure hours to study. Having chosen the law as his future calling, he devoted himself assiduously to its mastery, contending at every step with adverse fortune. During this period of study, he for some time found a home under the hospitable roof of one Armstrong, a farmer who lived in a log house some eight miles from the village of Petersburg, Mendon county, Ill., and in a clear but moderate tone began his argument. Slowly and carefully he reviewed the testimony, pointing out the hitherto unobserved discrepancies in the statements of the principal witness. That which had seemed plain and plausible, he made to appear crooked as a serpent's path. The witness had stated that the affair took place at a certain hour in the evening, that, by the aid of the brightly shining moon, he saw the prisoner inflict the death blow with a slung-shot. Mr. Lincoln showed that at the hour referred to, the moon had not yet appeared above the horizon, and consequently the whole tale was a fabrication. An almost instantaneous change seemed to have been wrought in the minds of the auditors, and the verdict of "not guilty" was at the end of every tongue. But the advocate was not content with this intellectual achievement. His whole being had been for months been bound up in this work of gratitude and mercy, and as the laws of the overcharged crater burst from its imprisonment, so great thoughts and burning words leaped forth from the soul of the eloquent Lincoln. He drew a picture of the perjurer so horrid and ghastly that the juror could sit under it no longer, but recoiled and staggered from the court room, whilst the audience, fanned by the cool breeze of his brow. Then in words of thrilling pathos Lincoln appealed to the jurors as fathers of sons who might become fatherless, and as husbands of wives who might be widowed, to find to no prejudice, no impression, no ill-founded prejudice, but to do his client justice; and as he alluded to the debt of gratitude which he owed the boy's sons unused to reap. It fell from many eyes as he concluded by saying that if justice was done—as he believed it would be—before the sun should set it would shine upon his client should set it would shine upon his client a freeman. The jury retired, and the court adjourned for the day. Half an hour had not elapsed, when, as the officers of the court and the volunteer attorney sat at the tea-table of their hotel, a messenger announced that the jury had returned to the court house, and whilst the prisoner was being brought from the jail, the court room was filled with a flowing with citizens of the town. When the prisoner and his mother entered, silence reigned as completely as though the house were empty. The foreman of the jury, in answer to the usual inquiry from the court, delivered the verdict of "Not Guilty." The widow dropped into her arms of her son, who lifted her up and told her to look upon him as before, free and innocent. Then, with the words, "Where is Mr. Lincoln?" he rushed across the room and grasped the hand of his deliverer, whilst his heart was too full for utterance. Lincoln, turned his eyes toward the west, where the sun still lingered in view, and then, turning to the youth, said, "It is not yet sundown, and you are free." "I confess that my cheeks were not wholly warmed by tears, and I turned from the affecting scene, bordering upon despair, and the widowed mother, looking through her tears, saw no cause for hope from earthly aid. At this juncture, the widow received a

LINCOLN, THE PRIDE OF THE NATION.

Ans—'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.'

For Lincoln, the pride of the nation,
The pride of the free and the free,
We'll drink to his health and his station,
Whate'er that health may be.
His heart beats for Freedom remaining
On the soil where our Liberty grew—
For our nation is Liberty, containing
The free flag—the Red, White, and Blue.
There are hands whose the million seek yeasting:
For Freedom from Tyranny's chain;
For our lot our efforts to turning,
To shield her from Slavery's stain.
For Lincoln, he stands with devotion,
And swears to the Union he's true;
And he'll struggle from ocean to ocean,
To plant there the Red, White, and Blue.
No sectional feud shall ever sever
The Union forever and ever;
Unfettered, untamed, and unthought,
Is the watch-word from Lincoln we borrow,
And he stands by his promise so true;
Then who will our leader not follow,
When the flag is the Red, White, and Blue?
Our voices are joined this for Union,
The stars and the stripes are above;
Huzza all for Lincoln and Hamilton!
Huzza for the men that we love!
The old Union ship, when well guided,
"Will be found that the tides are true;
And now with the storm here subsided,
That threatened the Red, White, and Blue.

Questions to Lincoln.

In the first joint debate between Messrs. Douglas and Lincoln in 1858 at Ottawa, Mr. Douglas propounded certain questions to Mr. Lincoln, which that gentleman answered in full at Freeport, their next place of meeting. The following are those questions and answers:

Question 1. "I desire to know whether Lincoln to-day stands as he did in 1854, in favor of the unconditional repeal of the Fugitive Slave law?"

Answer. "I do not now, or ever did stand in favor of the conditional repeal of the Fugitive Slave law."

Q 2. "I desire him to answer whether he stands pledged to-day as he did in 1854 against the admission of any more slave States into the Union, even if the people want them?"

A. "I do not now or ever did, stand pledged against the admission of any more slave States into the Union."

Q 3. "I want to know whether he stands pledged against the admission of a new State into the Union with such a Constitution as the people of that State may see fit to make?"

A. "I do not stand pledged against the admission of a new State into the Union, with such a Constitution as the people of that State may see fit to make."

Q 4. "I want to know whether he stands to-day pledged to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia?"

A. "I do not stand to-day pledged to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia."

Q 5. "I desire him to answer whether he stands pledged to the prohibition of the slave trade between the different States?"

A. "I do not stand pledged to the prohibition of the slave trade between the different States."

Q 6. "I desire to know whether he stands pledged to prohibit slavery in all the Territories of the United States North as well as South of the Missouri Compromise line?"

A. "I am implicitly, if not expressly pledged to a belief in the right and duty of Congress to prohibit slavery in all the United States Territories."

Q 7. "I desire him to answer whether he is opposed to the acquisition of any new territory unless slavery is first prohibited therein?"

A. "I am not generally opposed to honest acquisition of territory; and in any given case, I would or would not oppose such acquisition accordingly as I might think such acquisition would or would not aggravate the slavery question among ourselves."

The Private Life of Mr. Hamlin.

The subjoined article, relating to Mr. Hamlin, the Republican candidate for Vice President, appeared two years since in a Western print, before he was talked of for the post to which he is now nominated. Mr. Hamlin's private life and habits are as simple as those of Cincinnati. Such a man is not easily tempted to give up his integrity as a public man, inasmuch as there is nothing which could be offered him in exchange on which he would place much value.

SENATOR HAMLIN OF MAINE.

One of the first men in this nation is Senator Hamlin of Maine. We do not mean that he has those gifts of brilliancy which attract upon the instant, nor those demonstrative qualities of a contentious spirit which make men the idol of excited crowds; but that in calmness and manliness, in solidity of character, in truth of speech, in firmness of resolve, he has few equals among the distinguished statesmen of the day. From the time of Jackson till now he has maintained the rigid inflexibility of his faith, careless of party defections and neglectful of party rewards, yet with the courage to lead on in critical conjunction, or to stand aloof and alone when factions became demoralized with victory. Taught early that Democracy meant freedom and not slavery, he has never swerved from that teaching; but in all his relations has ever allied himself with the radical element in politics which represents both control by the people and liberty to the individual. In his domestic life he is above reproach, and of singular simplicity of habit, going from the Senate chamber to the harvest field, or from the toils of a small farm to the cares of a great State, with the ease, dignity and cheerfulness that mark the man devoted to duty before pleasure, and conscience of acting his true part in life. Of late we have seen going the rounds of the partisan press a series of letters from Washington, telling how grandly and gorgeously some of our wealthy representatives have entertained the diplomats and strangers at the federal capital, and dealing in what we must believe to be very exaggerated accounts of their munificence. To rival the White House in splendor is now the highest ambition of many there, and when we recall the plunder of the public treasury in which they have participated, the only wonder is that they succeed so poorly. It is in contrast with such, with the Douglasses, the Gwins, the Brights, who are the poor pretensions of aristocracy, that we wish to present, a picture of this truly Republican Senator as seen in his own home. The sketch is from a private letter not designed for publication; but it has such a genial glow about it, and altogether shows so fine a type of the American citizen, that we are sure we shall be pardoned for giving it to the public. It is as follows:

"Having had business to call me to this city, I thought I would ride down the river to Hamden (about five miles) and purchase a cargo of tobacco for a customer, (a Quaker), and at the same time call upon my old friend Hamlin. After calling upon my old friend and comfortable residence, a fine looking specimen of a farmer's daughter came to the door; and said, 'I am Senator Hamlin at home'."

The answer was, "He is; but not in the house at this time." "Where is he?" said I. "Where he is?" "Show me the way," said I. "No sooner said than done, and there I found our distinguished friend at work. He was gathering pumpkins. You, pumpkin, pies, and heard of Yankee pumpkins. These were grown amidst a field of corn which, he was sorry to say, he has no time to take in Maine especially. He has no other help, and with a fine little farm of only ten acres of tillage land, he told me he yearly raised more than sufficient for all his use, and for ten years he had always had corn left over to sell, from ten to twenty bushels."

"He had his family horse (a good one) in a cart load of pumpkins. All his best was in doing except the corn. He had a lane back that day from the effects of carrying his wheat by stairs to his granary; it was all cleaned up, and looked finely. He has his ground plowed and sowed, together with a large manure heap, in good shape, made from the waste earth and muck, some other additions, with a few casks of lime added. He has his cranberry bed, and all the small fish, such as good poultry yard, fine hogs, &c., whilst for dinner every article upon the table was grown upon this snug little farm. And to add to the pleasure, the good lady, Mrs. Hamlin, had just given birth to a beautiful boy, and the mother was doing well. His oldest son is reading law at home with his father, 'after the work is done,' and the daughter looks after the house concerns with ease and grace."

"I write you this for your own gratification, to show you what our New England small farm people can do to make life so smooth, and not detract from the chances of others in doing the same. This doubtless would not compare with some of our Western farms, but I know you will not think the less of it and its owner for all that."—St. Louis Democrat, Oct. 20, 1858."

A Personal Biography.—Stephen A. Douglas.

FOR LINCOLN, AND FOR HAMLIN, TOO.

Ans—'Daddy Jim of Carolina.'

Come forward, all, of every creed,
To Freedom's cause give heart and hand,
And from Columbia's brow, with speed,
Blot out that dark and damning brand!
For Lincoln, and for Hamlin, too,
All honest men will do their best,
And about—just as they need to do,
For "noble Harry of the West."
Republicans, your phantoms form,
The contest fairly has begun;
With hearts a glorious cause make warm,
Victory doubtless shall be won.
For Lincoln, &c.
Your Platform is both firm and strong;
Your standard is both just and true;
For honest men comprise the throng—
Your leader, Lincoln, 's honest, too.
For Lincoln, &c.
Lift high the mast, the wedge plant deep;
The ruling party cleave in twain,
And then away, with one grand sweep,
Hail Jimmy B. and all his train!
The names of "Abe," and Hamlin, too,
Now proudly brand from each true lip,
Just as in '40, used to do,
The name of our old gallant "Tip."

Lincoln on Snakes.

The following is one of Lincoln's illustrations made in a speech at New Haven, Conn. Speaking of the right and wrong of slavery, he said:

"The other policy is one that squares with the idea that slavery is wrong, and it consists in doing everything that we ought to do if it is wrong. Now I don't wish to be misunderstood, nor to leave a gap down to be misinterpreted, even. I don't say that we ought attack it where it exists. To me it seems that if we were to form a government anew, in view of the actual presence of slavery, we should find it necessary to frame just such a government as our fathers did, giving to the slaveholders the entire control where the system is established, while we possessed the power to restrain it from going outside those limits. (Applause.) From the necessities of the case we should be compelled to form just such a government as our blessed fathers gave us; and, surely, if they have so made it, that is another reason why we should let slavery alone where it exists."

"If I saw a venomous snake crawling in the road any man would say I might seize the nearest stick and kill it; but, if I found that snake in bed with my children, it would be another question—(Laughter.) I might hurt the children more than the snake, and the snake might bite them. (Applause.) Much more if I found it in bed with my neighbor's children, and I had bound myself by a solemn compact not to meddle with his children under any circumstances, it would become me to let that particular mode of killing the gentleman alone. (Great laughter.) But if there is a bed newly made up, to which the children are to be taken, and it was proposed to take a batch of young snakes and put them in with them, I take it, no man would say there was a question how I ought to decide. (Prolonged applause and cheers.)"

That is just the case. The new Territories are the newly-made beds to which our children are to go, and it lies with the nation to say whether they shall have snakes mixed up with them or not. It does not seem as if there could be much hesitation what our politics should be. (Applause.)"

PEOPLE OF THE WEST.—Remember, that if you want a good and economical administration of the General Government, you must vote for Abraham Lincoln.

Remember, that if you want a Homestead law granting to actual settlers a farm of 160 acres, you must vote for Abraham Lincoln.

Remember, that if you want Free Territories for free men, you must vote for Abraham Lincoln.

Remember, that if you would put a quietus to the opening of the African Slave trade, you must vote for Abraham Lincoln.

Remember, that if you would have Kansas admitted as a Free State, under a Constitution of her own choosing, you must vote for Abraham Lincoln.

Remember, that if you would build up for yourselves a prosperous and happy country, and furnish work for your millions of free laborers, by encouragement of home industry, you must vote for Abraham Lincoln.

Remember, that if you would benefit your commerce and agriculture by a wise and judicious expenditure of public money for the improvement of your rivers and harbors, you must vote for Abraham Lincoln.

Remember, that if you would connect the Atlantic with the Pacific seaboard, tap California's inexhaustible mines of wealth, and secure to yourselves the richest of the nations of the east by means of a Pacific Railroad, you must vote for Abraham Lincoln.

DR. SWEETEN HIS?—The power of material influence has been manifested. Douglas has succeeded in finding his mother, and the first fruit of the interview is his repudiation of the Dred Scott plank of his platform. "Is this conversion?"

Garibaldi asked one of our naval officers, who lately saw him in Sicily, if the people of this country understood him, and his cause. "I am doing," said he, "what your fathers did in 1776 to 1782."

Lincoln as He Is.

Ten thousand inquiries will be made as to the looks, the habits, the tastes and other characteristics of Honest Old Abe. We anticipate a few of them.

Mr. Lincoln stands six feet and four inches high in his stockings. His frame is not muscular, but gaunt and wiry; his arms are long, but not unreasonably so for a person of his height; his lower limbs are not disproportioned to his body. In walking, his gait, though firm, is never brisk. He steps slowly and deliberately, almost always with his head inclined forward and his hands clasped behind his back. In matters of dress he is by no means precise. Always clean, he is never fashionable; he is careless but not slovenly. In manner he is remarkably cordial, and, at the same time, simple. His politeness is always sincere and never elaborate and oppressive. A warm shake of the hand and a warmer smile of recognition are his methods of greeting his friends. At rest, his features though those of a man of mark, are not such as belong to a handsome man; but when his fine dark gray eyes are lighted up by any emotion, and his features begin their play as one who had in him not only the kindly sentiments which women love, but the heavier metal of which full grown men and Presidents are made. His hair is black, and though thin is wiry. His head sits well on his shoulders, but beyond that it defies description. It resembles that of Clay than that of Webster; but it is unlike either. It is very large, phenologically, well proportioned, betokening power in all its developments. A slightly Roman nose, a wide-out mouth and a dark complexion, with the appearance of having been weather-beaten, complete the description.

In his personal habits, Mr. Lincoln is as simple as a child. He loves a good dinner and eats with the appetite which goes with a great brain; but his food is plain and nutritious. He never drinks intoxicating liquors of any sort, not even a glass of wine. He is not addicted to tobacco in any of its shapes. He never was accused of a licentious act in all his life. He never uses profane language.

A friend says that once when in a towering rage in consequence of the efforts of certain parties to perpetrate a fraud on the State, he was heard to say, "They shan't do it, d—n 'em!" but beyond an expression of that kind, his bitterest feelings never carry him.

He never gambles; we doubt if he ever indulges in any games of chance. He is particularly cautious about incurring pecuniary obligations for any purpose whatever, and in debt, he is never content until the score is discharged. We presume he owes no man a dollar. He never speculates. The rage for the sudden acquisition of wealth never took hold of him. His gains from his profession have been moderate, but sufficient for his purpose. While others have dreamed of gold, he has been in pursuit of knowledge. In all his dealings he has the reputation of being generous but exact, and, above all, religiously honest. He would be a bold man who would say that Abraham Lincoln ever wronged any one out of a cent, or ever spent a dollar that he had not honestly earned. His struggles in early life have made him careful of money; but his generosity with his own is proverbial. He is a regular attendant upon religious worship, and though not a communicant, is a new-holder and liberal supporter of the Presbyterian Church, in Springfield, to which Mrs. Lincoln belongs. He is a scrupulous teller of the truth—too exact in his notions to suit the atmosphere of Washington as it now is. His enemies may say that he tells Black Republican lies; but no man ever charged that, in a professional capacity, or as a citizen dealing with his neighbors, he would depart from the Scriptural command. At home he lives like a gentleman of moderate means and simple tastes. A good sized house of wood simply, but tastefully furnished, surrounded by trees and flowers, is his own, and there he lives, at peace with himself, the idol of his family, and for his honesty, ability and patriotism, the admiration of his countrymen.

If Mr. Lincoln is elected President, he will carry but little that is ornamental to the White House. The country must accept his sincerity, his ability and his honesty, in the mould in which it is cast. He will not be able to make as polite a bow as Frank Pierce; but he will not commence anew the agitation of the Slavery question by recommending to Congress any Kansas Nebraska bills. He may not preside at the Presidential dinners with the ease and grace which distinguish that "venerable public functionary," Mr. Buchanan; but he will not create the necessity for a Corvode Committee and the disgraceful revelations of the Cornfield Wendell. He will take to the Presidential chair just the qualities which the country now demands to save it from impending destruction—ability that no man can question, firmness that nothing can overbear, honesty that never has been impeached, and patriotism that never deserts.

OLD FOGGIES.—The sum total of the ages of thirty-five gentlemen at a Bell and Everett convocation in Boston, last week, amounted to 2,153 years.

John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, represents the Sixth District on the Lincoln and Hamlin Electoral ticket in Massachusetts.

What your fathers did in 1776 to 1782.

CAMPAIGN SONG.

BY A. C. BROWSELL.

The trumpet of Freedom now sounds through the land,
And the nation awakes at the sound;
Her beautiful banner of peace is at hand,
And the people are gathering round.

The voice of our Free-men is heard from the West,
And it thunders o'er prairie and plain;
The echo is caught in the far distant East,
And reaches from gallant old Maine.

Some men of the South are filled with dismay,
And are crying with madness and fear;
But cries of Division will soon die away,
For the day of deliverance draws near.

With Lincoln and Hamlin, the honest and brave,
We'll stand up for Freedom and right;
Our glorious Union we'll honor and save,
When the people come forth in their might.

Then march on to victory, with these at our lead,
And the sound of the trumpet peal;
We'll fight them Democracy till it is dead,
Then we'll shout the glad triumph to sing.

Lincoln and Douglas.

The Boston Transcript republishes some extracts from its correspondence describing Lincoln's debate with Douglas at Salisbury, Ill., in the fall of 1858. The letter, says the Transcript, was written by the President of a College in Illinois—a gentleman well known in New England and highly esteemed in Boston. After stating the reception of the rival champions, the writer continues:

The men are entirely dissimilar. Mr. Douglas is a thick set, finely-built, courageous man, and has an air of self-confidence that does not a little to inspire his supporters with hope. Mr. Lincoln is a tall lank man, awkward, apparently diffident, and when not speaking has neither firmness in his countenance nor fire in his eyes.

Mr. Lincoln has a rich silvery voice, enlivened with great distinctness, and has a fine command of language. He commenced by a review of the points Mr. Douglas had made. In this he showed great tact, and his retorts, though gentlemanly, were sharp and reached to the core of the subject in dispute. While he gave but little time to the work of review, we did not feel that anything was omitted which deserved attention.

He then proceeded to defend the Republican party. Here he charged Mr. Douglas with doing nothing for freedom, with disregarding the rights and interests of the colored man; and for about forty minutes he spoke with a power that we have seldom heard equalled. There was a grandeur in his thoughts, a comprehensiveness in his arguments, and a binding force in his conclusions, which were perfectly irresistible. The vast throng were silent as death; every eye was fixed upon the speaker and all gave him serious attention. He was the tall man eloquent; his countenance glowed with animation, and his eye glistened with an intelligence that made it lustrous. He was no longer awkward and ungainly, but graceful, bold, commanding.

Mr. Douglas had been quietly smoking up to this time; but here he forgot his cigar, and listened with anxious attention. When he rose to reply he appeared excited, disturbed, and his second effort seemed to us vastly inferior to his first. Mr. Lincoln had given him a great task, and Mr. Douglas had not time to answer him, even if he had the ability.

HARD HITS.—Senator Green, of Missouri, in a recent speech at St. Joseph, dealt the "Little Giant" some pretty severe left-handed blows, as follows:

"He supported John O. Breckinridge, because he had never traveled up and down the river on the decks of steamboats, advocating his own election to the Presidency; he had never descended into beer saloons and drank lager, in order to gain popularity with the vulgar rabble; he had never sent hired letter-writers all over the country to puff himself into notoriety, and run down everybody else; he had never prostituted the telegraph to sound his own praises, and misrepresent every other prominent man in the party; and, finally, he supported him because he was the only man who had any chance of defeating Lincoln. No Southern State would, under any circumstances, cast her Electoral vote for Douglas, and he didn't believe he could get a single Northern State."

AN OBSTINATE CASE.—The Harrisburg Sentinel, the new Douglas daily, perpetrates the following:

"James Buchanan is at Bedford, drinking the waters in the hope of purging himself of the numerous outrages he has committed upon the Democratic party. Vain attempt! he was even to drink the springs dry."

THEY DARE NOT DEST IT.—The Douglas papers take particular care not to deny that the Vice-Presidential nomination was offered to W. L. Yancy at Baltimore; provided the demands of the ultra South could be abated a single hair's breadth, and Douglas placed at the head of the ticket.—Cincinnati Commercial.

IF THE DOUGLASS MEN HAD MADE A STRAIGHTLY fight, Lincoln's majority in this State would not have exceeded 50,000. But their coalition with "Dionides" and "Know-Nothings" swayed a majority against them of at least 10,000.—Albany Evening Journal.

PERSONAL.—Judge Douglas left the city this morning at eight o'clock, escorted by a band and five military men on horseback. He took the Rock Island train for the West. In search of his mother.—Chicago Journal.